

MAY'S TWO NOTES, OR



"Well, well! Those dear young wives. I guess I'll appropriate George's lunch."

Hadn't Had Time.

Things were a little dull in heaven, and an American angel who was tired of his harp proposed that they try baseball to knock out the slowness. At a meeting of the colonists from the United States it was decided to organize a league, and in memory of old times a nine was to be made up of spirits from each of the old league cities.

The work progressed very well until they tried to get up a team from the Quaker City, when it was discovered that there was no one in heaven from that place. Their wonder aroused, they approached St. Peter upon the subject, saying that they did not know that Philadelphia was so far from that place.

St. Peter said: "The trouble is that the man who died there hasn't got here yet."

It Was.

HADDEM—Snodgrass borrowed five dollars from me a while ago, and it's the last he'll ever get. I can tell you.

GOTTEM—Then it was the finishing "touch," eh?

Interpolated.

JAGSEY—I never take a drink during business hours.

FRIEND—How long have you been out of work?

The Reason Why.

"Don't you know that wearing a silk hat with a sack coat is bad form?" remarked the man who sat at the end of the table.

"Yes," replied the literary chap; "that's why I wear it."

"Oh," said the man at the end of the table, "you wish to appear eccentric. Is that the idea?"

"Not at all," replied the literary chap. "Then why?" asked the man at the end of the table.

"Oh," replied the literary chap, "just so as to give fellows like you something to talk about."

And then the man at the end of the table went into his shell, and had nothing more to say for the rest of the meal.

As Usual.

VAN ISHE—What are you going to do on the Fourth?

PENELOPE—Listen to the noise.

WHAT GEORGE MISSED.



"Tastes pretty good, but what's this I find, another note? Yecow!"

Took Them All.

NED—If she accepted your flowers, your candy, your books and your kisses, she must have accepted about everything of yours.

TED—She did, even my rival.

So They Have.

DEALER—No, sir, our shoes don't need any advertising; they speak for themselves.

CUSTOMER—Yes, I notice they all have tongues.

Discovered.

The poet was overworked. There was no doubt about it whatever.

It was not that he had too much work to do, but that he had done too much.

And that too much had been done, not in response to the demands of an eager and excited public, but rather to those of an empty stomach.

The situation will be understood when it is stated that the stomach in question did not get invariably filled.

But the poet worked on uncomplainingly and finally overtaxed himself.

Not to put too fine a point upon it, the poet had paresis.

But he knew it not.

Others knew it.

They knew it by induction.

They read his poems.

REVENGE.



HEWITT—I laughed all the time at the theatre last night.
JEWETT—Was the play funny?
HEWITT—No.
JEWETT—Then what were you laughing at?
HEWITT—A woman wore a big hat and had a seat directly behind a post.

Put Him Out of Business.

The pedler placed his fireworks upon a corner stand.

And he was making money until Johnny chanced to pass.

But as there was no person near to stay that bad boy's hand,

He drew a focus on it with his little burning glass.

Perennial Cries.

MRS. CORWIGGER—Do you believe everything in the papers?

MRS. BROWN—How can you, when they state every year that the peach crop is a failure and that no firecrackers will be allowed on the Fourth?



Plains edges close to the table when he takes his after-noon drink, and thus gets the strong.

A Timely Version.

Nine little bad boys out to celebrate,
One touched his powder off, then there were eight.
Eight little bad boys, with no thought of heaven:
One had a pistol, so soon there were seven.
Seven little bad boys, cutting up sticks:
When the cop had chased them there were only six.
Six little bad boys, very much alive:
One had a cartridge, leaving only five.
Five little bad boys, all athirst for gore:
Monkey with the wrong man, then there were four.

Four little bad boys, watching in a tree:
When the mine exploded there were only three.
Three little bad boys, nothing much to do:
One tried to do it, leaving only two.
Two little bad boys, looking out for fun:
One thought he'd have some, then there was one.
One little bad boy, sitting all alone:
No one knows exactly which way he was blown.

The Parrot.

'Tis strange that on this glorious day
The power of speech should lack her;
For no one ever hears her say,
"Poor Polly wants a cracker!"

BEATING THE GAME, OR A PARK ROW JULEP.



If he had ordered a mint julep he would have got the same ingredients and a twenty-five-cent check.

HE WANTS TO KNOW.



UNCLE GPH (after firing a kicking gun)—Po de Lawd's sake! Am die nigger a gunnin' or am die gun a niggerin'?

Caying the Blame.

MRS. BROWN—I'm so glad the doctor says you want lose your eyeght, but you shouldn't say I was the cause of the explosion.

LITTLE JOHNNY—But you were, ma. If you hadn't come sneaking around to see if I was smoking I wouldn't have shoved the lighted cigar butt in my pocket with the powder.

Caid Up in Bed.

MRS. CORWIGGER—You are not going outside the door all day.

FREDDIE—Why so, ma? You know if you let me out on the Fourth I'll stay in the house for a week or so afterward.

Tempting Providence.

CORWIGGER—Why do you say so much powder in the cannon?

FREDDIE—Cause you told me if I loaded it up to the muzzle it would burst.